

THE QUIVER

Saturday, March 28, 1868.



(Drawn by S. L. FILDES.)

"It's pretty plain he worked *con amore*."—p. 434.

THREE CHAPTERS IN A PAINTER'S LIFE.

CHAPTER III.

MAY had come round again, the Academy was open, and Walter Chesney's success had far outrun his wildest hopes. Men and newspapers

raved about his pictures. "The Painter's Dream," was sold; and so, too, was an exquisite little picture, in which he had immortalised the scene in the hairdresser's shop.

Walter had given up his city lodgings, and taken a comical little cottage at Putney, where Denis and his wife kept house and garden for him, and where admirers of art and lion-hunters came and left piles of cards and invitations, very few of which Walter accepted. He was still coward enough to be afraid of meeting Marion; he even shunned the Academy, until one day he remembered Nelly had not been there.

"You must take your wife to see herself, Denis," he said.

But Denis looked troubled; he had an idea that Nelly would be politely mobbed if she showed herself inside the Academy, and that people would at once recognise her as the "Dream Angel." So he did not respond so warmly to his master's offer as that master expected, and finding out what the poor fellow really felt about it, Walter good-naturedly offered to take the little woman himself, and bought a marvellously pretty bonnet and dress, chosen with the express intention of setting off her beauty to its best advantage.

They went early, to avoid the crush, and were sitting before "The Painter's Dream," when Marion Riddle and a friend entered the room.

Marion saw Walter at once, and the colour flushed indignantly to the roots of her hair, for she recognised at one glance the heroine of his wonderful picture, and saw him leaning towards her with every expression of tender interest in his earnest face. Marion read the motto attached to "The Painter's Dream," and, remembering her words, her heart throbbed angrily as she thought, "He might have spared me the insult of putting my words in her mouth."

Walter had not seen her yet, of that she was sure, so she had time to school her face, before she must pass him. Very slowly, therefore, she followed her friend, talking of the pictures in a dry, hard voice. They had reached the next seat to that upon which Walter was sitting, his back was towards them, and so far as Marion knew he had never turned his head, he was too busy talking, telling Nelly of a plan he had formed for enabling her husband and herself to put their chosen wish of emigrating into effect, and Nelly was listening, with gratitude and happiness speaking in her lovely face. Others besides Marion were deceived as to the relationship of the two. A couple of men—acquaintances of Mr. Chesney's—were sitting near, and she heard one say, evidently in reply to some question put by the other—

"Wife! of course. Walter is one of the right sort."

"Then that accounts for his taking a cottage, no one knows where? Where on earth did he pick up such an angel? she looks as if she had come to meet him half-way."

"It's pretty plain he worked *con amore*," laughed

the friend; "come along and try if he will introduce one," and they rose and sauntered on.

Marion saw Walter look up, as one of them addressed him by name in passing; saw him start, and nod hurriedly, then go on with his conversation; she saw this, but did not see that, in turning, Mr. Chesney had recognised her. She did not see the spasm and pallor that crossed his face; but Nelly, who knew every phase of suffering by heart, did.

"You are ill, master," she said, rising. "Let us go home."

"Not yet, Nelly; sit down again, and I'll tell you all about it. I've often meant to, but the right opportunity never seemed to come. It is the story of that picture, and of my life."

Walter's heart was full, and when that is the case, nature generally grows eloquent; and so he became not only eloquent, but impassioned, and Marion, looking on, saw it; but little suspected the story he was telling had any reference to herself. She looked on as long as she could, then the very agony she was suffering gave her courage, and, rising, she swept down the room, her stately figure drawn up and her head held proudly. As she passed Mr. Chesney, she turned and bowed, in that marked manner, which is more difficult to assume, and more galling to bear, than any cut direct, at the same time looking Nelly full in the face; and the poor little woman, whose heart was bleeding for her friend, blushed for very pity.

"She looks very proud, master," whispered Nelly, half-inclined to cry. "Is she a great lady?"

"Her father is a merchant."

"Oh!" said Nelly, dubiously. In her part of Scotland every man who sold a yard of tape was a merchant. "Are you sure she ever got your note, sir?" was the next query.

Walter's eyes opened, and grew earnest.

"What do you mean? how could it be otherwise? I gave it to the man myself."

"Ay, master, but flunkeys are sae lazy; and maybe he gave it till the ledie's maid, and she forgot it."

"Then why should she treat me as she did just now? she never used to do so."

Nelly's woman's instinct had a ready answer for this; but she did not tell Walter what she thought. If Marion did not care enough for him to trust him, it would be better that no new hopes should be roused, and unsettle the calmness purchased at the price of despair. He had spoken of his story as of the past, best let it so remain; and yet in her heart Nelly had strange doubts, and as she walked home, she formed a plan, which was simply this: to go and tell Marion of the letter, and of Mr. Chesney's goodness to her husband and herself; then leave the result in the hands of Providence.

Next day, Nelly presented herself at Davenport Street; and the footman, concluding she had come for orders, took her to Marion's private room.

Marion, who was alone, started when she saw her visitor.

"He has mistaken your name," she said, rising, and, though indignant at what she thought Walter's impertinence, determined to be friendly, and vanquish him by her very courtesy. "I must apologise for the blunder of a new servant, Mrs. Chesney; but you see it is rather earlier than our visitors generally come. Do sit down."

Nelly's face had been a picture in itself, during these few words. She had been terribly frightened of what she had undertaken, and only the intense gratitude she felt towards Mr. Chesney could have overcome her natural timidity. Now, however, she saw it all. The name Marion had called her by swept away the veil, and strengthened her for any amount of difficulty.

"I am not Mrs. Chesney, miss; my husband and I live with Mr. Chesney. He doesn't know I've come here to-day, miss; and if you'll please not to be offended, I'll just tell you how he found me out, and put me in his picture."

Marion sat down, she could not pretend to understand this woman; but something held her silent, and in a manner compelled her to listen, while bit by bit, and not without tears, Nelly unfolded her story; and when that was told, without giving Marion time to arrive at any conclusion, the cunning diplomatist launched off into the subject of the letter.

"What letter?" cried Marion, her colour deepening; "I never received any letter from Mr. Chesney."

"There now, miss, I told him so; but he said he put it into the man's hand himself, and that you wad get it the very night." Nelly stopped with a sort of hysterical gasp. She saw it all, and the very happiness in store for Walter took away her breath.

"I never received any letter," repeated Marion, slowly; "but as Mr. Chesney could have nothing particular to say, I dare say it was of no consequence."

"Jist this," burst out Nelly, forgetting everything but the truth, "jist this, that it sent him out o' the country wi' a broken heart; and, at this moment, he dare na gang out o' the place, for fear o' meeting you, and remembering the love he had lost."

"Really," and Marion rose, "really, I do not

see what right Mr. Chesney has to complain, or why you are to come and tell me this."

"Only for this, miss, that he wrote, and when he never got an answer he went 'most mad."

"Well, then, tell him to bring his letter to-morrow morning, and I will honestly answer it. I can say no more. Please go home now. I dare say you mean it all well, but you don't understand. At all events, I am glad he got such a good subject for his beautiful picture."

Nelly flew rather than walked home, and roused Walter out of one of his gloomy fits by a recital of her morning's work, and next day Mr. Chesney calling at Davenport Street, was taken to Marion, to whom he presented a copy of the much-thought-of letter.

He was standing by the window as she read it, but when she said, "Is it too late to tell you I would have proudly granted your request, Mr. Chesney?" he came closer to her, and leaning over her chair, tried to look into her face, as he said—

"Then for eight long months I have insulted you by every thought. Can you ever forgive me?"

Marion's eyes, no doubt, gave the necessary assurance, and more too, for Walter did not leave Davenport Street until nearly five o'clock, and when he did, a long tress of the golden glory lay in his pocket-book.

* * * * *

"I have news for you, Nelly," said her master, putting his head into his housekeeper's room; "I am going to be married, and as we owe it all to your great wisdom, you are required to go to Davenport Street with me to-morrow to be suitably thanked. Denis has to go too, for the gift will concern you equally. The truth is, Mr. Riddley has bought a little place in Ireland, and wants a steady couple to farm it for him; so, as one good turn deserves another, my friends, Miss Riddley has secured the post for you, and if you make haste and get over, we'll be able to spend our honeymoon in the old house. What do you say to going back to Ireland, Denis?"

But Denis could not just then say anything. His lips were shaking, and very little more would have upset him altogether; so Nelly, as usual, became spokeswoman, and very nicely and truly did she use the power.

"It's the Lord's doing, master, and it is marvelous in our eyes. I'll never doubt that the sma'est o' our actions are guided for guid, if we like to find it again."

E. D. FENTON.

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

I.

IT is the Puritan's daughter,
The daughter of Paul the Bold—
Paul the eloquent preacher,
The scoffer at rank and gold;
Paul, you know, with the grey beard,
Looking a century old—
Paul who stands in the market-place,
Raving of Justice, and Faith, and Grace.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
The innocent Magdelene,
A ray in the house of her father,
Gliding the glooms between;
His home in the stead of her mother,
Who sleeps 'neath a coverlid green—
Who sleeps in her bed with a heaveless sleep,
It is so peaceful, it is so deep.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
She sits in her cheery nook,
There you may daily find her,
Good sir, an you care to look—
Glancing anon to her needle,
Anon to the page of her book;
And smoothly as runs the silken thread,
So run the thoughts of the Book in her head.

It is the Puritan's daughter;
You may scan in vain for a trace
Of wile or guile in her quiet smile;
'Tis only an unthought grace:
'Tis only the light of her spirit
Sunning awhile in her face,
Lustring deep in the wells of her eyes,
And rosily dying as daylight dies.

It is the Puritan's daughter,
And O for that joyful peace!
Those hours in the dim cathedral,
Despairing now, I cease;
For the many rites have bound me
Till I groan for my release:
Ay, would I were Paul in the market-place,
Though he rave of Justice, and Faith, and Grace!

II.

It is the Puritan's daughter:
One spring-bright day as I went
Beneath the opening window,
With sorrowful face downbent,
A leaf came fluttering downward,
A page from a book, 'twas sent
Like a healing leaf from the Living Tree,
And I knew who plucked it thence for me.

It is the Puritan's daughter:
I caught the page, and I prest
To my lips the precious burthen,
The message true and blest:
"Come unto me," it whispered,
"And I will give you Rest:"
O words of love! O bliss unpri'd!
At length I found Thee, Jesu Christ!

It is the Puritan's daughter:
But where is the scene of old?
Beyond the heaving of waters;
And an ocean of woes untold,
Far, far from this verdure of gladness:
And what of that Paul the Bold?
The Thunderer sleeps with a heaveless sleep,
It is so peaceful, it is so deep.

It is the Puritan's daughter:
She walks in the pleasant glades
Of a vast delightful forest;
For in sooth she loves the shades,
And saith, "Where the sun is brightest,
All bloom the soonest fades;"
So Magdelene blooms in the shades of life,
A comely matron, a fadeless wife.

It is the Puritan's daughter:
The night is drawing on;
Her children kneel around her
Till the last faint ray is gone:
Now come away, my children,
She rests in the shades alone;
And through that deep and heaveless sleep
The good kind God will her spirit keep.

B.

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

THE word of Him who knew what was in man affirms distinctly, that the Christian life, so promissory of all the blessedness that men really and instinctively, though often blindly, yearn after and long for, is certainly attainable. The question is, *how* is it to be attained? In other words, as the suddenly-arrested persecutor asked: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

That young ruler was obviously no loose, unprincipled profligate, nor, in his own view, even an irreligious youth, who besought our Lord to tell him—"Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

All classes of life, and all kinds of character, brought the same practical question to the Baptist, as he preached repentance, asking: "And what shall we do?" Pharisees, publicans, soldiers, and all kinds of people came with the same question,

as the Philippian gaoler: "What must I do to be saved?"

I want to answer that vital inquiry. There is something to be done, as well as something to be believed, for "*faith without works is dead.*" True; and works without faith are equally dead. The body without the soul, or the soul without the body, equally imply a condition of death. Consequently, all that we need advance is essentially comprised in those two simple elements of godliness—faith and works.

When I say faith, I don't mean that haughty, inflated orthodoxy which shibboleths the dialect of heaven, but looks down with contempt upon its fellow-sinners, whom angels watch with tenderer interest, waiting to catch the first starting tear that wakes the unselfish "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." There is too much of that cold creed which freezes into diffidence, if not distrust, the poor, meek, timid, soul with which it comes in contact. I do not mean faith of that fashion, but a loving, active, ingenuous, and humble faith, that thinks little of itself, and much of others, and most of God. A hearty, honest faith that forgets its theological system in the glory of its centre—that sinks itself in its considerateness for others—a practical, as well as experimental faith, which turns with too much candid loathing from its own sins, faults, and infirmities—which, of course, it knows best—to have any element of contempt left for the sins of others, and only feels how much it has to undo for itself, and to do for its fellows. As the pious Joseph Alleine wrote from his prison, to his old flock at Taunton, "Beloved Christians, live like yourselves: let the world see that the promises of God, and privileges of the Gospel, are not empty sounds, or a mere crack. Let the heavenly cheerfulness, and the restless diligence, and the holy raisedness of your conversations, prove the reality, and excellency, and beauty of your religion to the world."

That "restless diligence" is the point which meets the defective spirituality of the day—the want of workers. We have too many talkers, and plenty of believers, so called, but not enough workers. There is a want of workers, not only in the direct work of Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, collectors for religious societies, active leaders and co-operators in mutual-instruction schemes, and such like; but we want also workers for God in your common workshops; Christians working for him while they are at work for themselves—glorifying God in their secular callings. A young Christian shines brightly in his business, when his Christianity makes him more active and conscientious, more in earnest at what his hand findeth to do, than worldly men. Your religion has done little for you, if it has not done that.

You may be a lawyer (like Sir Matthew Hale), or a physician (like Haller, Heberden, and Mason Goode), or a painter (like West), or a sculptor (like Bacon), or a poet (like Milton, Klopstock, and Cowper), or a merchant (like Thornton and the Hardcastles), or a philosopher (like Boyle and Boerhaave), or a hardworking artisan (like the Yorkshire blacksmith, or the watchmaker of Geneva), but your aim, your study, and daily prayer should be, to be not only a better Christian, but a better lawyer, a better physician, or painter, or sculptor, or poet, or merchant, or philosopher, or mechanic, than the mere man of the world.

You should let the world see that religion, so far from obstructing secular eminence, actually promotes it, and purifies it of idle fame-craft, and converts personal gifts into instruments of greater personal usefulness;—that it inspires a John Newton to write his Letters, and a Butler his "Analogy," and a Matthew Henry his Commentary, and a Cowper his Hymns;—that it restricts a contemplative Venn to his parish, and impels a Whitefield to make the world his field; locks up a profound Edwards in his study, and scatters the sweet perfume of a Wilberforce in the boudoir; so that each in his way works and waits upon God—"he that ministereth by his ministering, he that teacheth by his teaching, he that exhorteth by his exhortations, and he that ruleth by his diligence," and by his judgment and love unfeigned, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Thus the varied and sanctified field which, like Joseph, the Lord hath blessed, bringeth forth its fruits, "some thirty, and some sixty, and some a hundred-fold" to the praise and glory of the great and good "Lord of the harvest," whose cry is still for "more labourers." Alas! that the responsive cries are so few and far between, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

God's moral operations, like his natural ones, are, for the most part, so quiet and unseen in their process, like the silent growth of a flower, or the ripening of a crop, though these are as much his handiwork as the louder echo of his voice in thunder, or the more obvious flash of his glory in the lightning, that the stillness fails to minister to some men's ambition, pride, or parade; and hence comparatively limited is the number of young men found engaged in "doing the work of an evangelist." There seems no scope for hero-craft, no dazzling materials for history, in stooping down to the level of back-street ignorance, to teach vulgar little boys and girls. No philosophy in reasoning oneself into a discussion with a wretched drunkard, or with that notorious young thief, his son, whose only lesson has been to be taught to steal for him. There is no poetry in diving down a back lane by gas-light, in search of the ragged refuse of the streets, to surprise and

warm their precociously benumbed hearts with, perhaps, the first tones of fellow-feelinghood that ever thawed them. Yet there is a heroism, none the less sterling that it happens not to be fashionable—there is a philosophy, none the less real because it is not of the schools—and there is a poetry, sweet and holy as the melody of the harper of Bethlehem, in the sentiment which charmed evil spirits out of the conceits of a melancholy king, in the large and tender-heartedness which finds a channel for its sensibilities in rude and unlovely miseries, that require no metaphor to illustrate them, in midnight ignorance and degradation, which asks no laboured comment to expound them; the sight of which, without sensational descriptions, and the pitiful and gracious apprehension of which, without public or romantic inducement, constrain for the love of Christ, every personal energy of evangelical benevolence into the effort that yearns for their amendment and reclamation. And they best reclaim the waste places of society, who not only enclose the common, but sow it with seed to make it fruitful. It is a grand secret to teach a young lawless wanderer and wayfarer, not merely that he has been doing evil, that he was good for nothing—which, perhaps, the rough staves of the police have often told him already—but that he is good for something better, which he had never thought he was, before you told him so;—to persuade him that he has a gift which only lacks developing, like the resources of a once barren soil, whose culture produces wheat even more abundantly than it had brought forth its spontaneous weeds. This was the secret of Dr. Arnold's power as a teacher, that he impressed every pupil with the stimulating conviction that there was a work for him to do, and that he could do it. The boy woke to find himself of some importance; that there was a niche in the Pantheon of life which his humble statue was hewn out to fill, if only his own hand and heart quarried out the materials for the impartial sculptor. He raised the duty of study into a mental dignity, and thus made it each lad's ambition to be a conscientious labourer in the sphere of his individual gifts, assured that life was no lottery, with its contingent luck and loss, but that some prize was open to every one in the sure and just proportion of his industry, capacity, and truth.

The teacher who neglects the poor dull boy, or the bad wild boy, in the selfish forcing of the brilliant one, whom he destines for his own advertisement, is the reverse, not only of the Christian who "minds not high things, but condescends to men of low estate," but of the "old English gentleman" who,

"While he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small."

Minds, immortal spirits, have their forlorn hopes, and we want volunteers to dare them. There are acres of cold, hungry soils that want the slow and patient toil of spade husbandry to dig and develop their scanty capabilities.

There is too much easy-going charity and gaslight philanthropy in these days. What the practical needs of the age require is just that patient, obscure, conscientious elaboration of schemes of benevolence, whose only recompence is sought for in its success, and which looks for no other applause than the obvious benefit of its poor client: like the gardener, who early and late waters his plants and tends upon his flowers, seeking no other return, at least from them, than their budding into their own bloom and beauty in their appointed season.

I ask, then, the young men who are readers of THE QUIVER, who profess to believe in, to love and serve, the Lord Jesus, to be content to stoop as he did, to take the children of the streets "in his arms, lay his hands upon them, and bless them." It robs no ray of glory from the Redeemer's Godhead to picture him laden to the bosom with two or three little ones—poor people's too, for it was not in rich men's houses he met them, but in the bare streets and lanes of the city, whither many of his parables bade all who would be his disciples to go out and follow him. I give a prominence to this work of imitating Him who came "to seek, as well as to save them that were lost," for there is a "taking up of the cross" in it, greater than the less trying task of teaching the children when they have been gathered in under the wings of the school. May I not add, however humble a young man's gifts may be, or his modesty suppose them to be, or his indolence pretend them to be, every one has gift enough to be a street-searcher, a kind of moral scavenger (and Aristides was not ashamed to be a real one)? It wants nothing but the will, and the grace of God and the love of Christ working with that will, to be an effective explorer of those artificial dens and caves of the earth wherein great cities unwittingly hide the victims, or the agents, of their neglects, vices, and sins.

There is nothing nobler than the consecration of our gift, be it only the one talent, to doing good. To do good is to get good. We learn by teaching. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine," is equally applicable to duty. God's Word demands men's exertions only according to their gifts, and any "man is accepted according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not." Even an accidental infirmity, or natural defect, does not exclude the individual from his share of opportunities for well-doing. One night an elderly miner, returning to his home across the colliery fields of Worcestershire, lost his way.

He wandered helplessly in the thick darkness for several hours, till midnight overtook him, weary, worn out, and utterly at a loss to know where he was. At length, perceiving a light in a wayside hut, he tapped timidly at the door. A voice from within kindly bade him enter, and he asked his way to Cradley.

"Thee art three miles off the road," replied the cottager, and then cheerfully rising, added, "but I'll put thee right again;" and forthwith went out with the wanderer, and guided him safely to his home.

"How couldst thee find thee way through the fog?" said the grateful miner.

"It's no fog to me," said his friend; "I be blind as a mole."

All honour to the blind philanthropist, whose inner vision could recognise the claims of brotherly kindness, and convert his very infirmity into an instrument of usefulness. Such deeds put to shame many a selfish Pharisee, who "now saith he seeth, and therefore his sin remaineth."

If through "the gross darkness on the minds of the people," there were more searchers for scholars, there would be larger schools, and if there were larger schools, there would be more teachers. Young men and maidens could not for very shame see the children come crowding into

the schools, and let them go away without a lesson. Like the Lord whom they profess to follow, they would have compassion on the tiny multitude, and dread sending them away fasting, lest they should faint by the way.

One of the modes, then, in which I would urge you into work for God, is to volunteer your services as Sunday-school teachers, and to be ready to take your turn cheerfully and promptly in the task of visiting from house to house in search of the little involuntary law-breakers, who know not what they are breaking, whether of God's law or man's, or the law of their own well-being. I repeat the assertion, you will do yourselves good by doing good to others. No one knows till he tries how much we actually learn by teaching—how many old errors are detected—how many old impressions are rectified or confirmed, and how many old truths are realised in new lights, by the simple process of teaching a child to read and know the Holy Scriptures. Their casual accents have often lisped a commentary unawares which never struck us before, and a new and bright light has flashed upon our understandings, from the unconscious theology of "one of those little ones," whom we must ourselves resemble in spirit, or ever "we enter into the kingdom of heaven."

SELFISHNESS.

IS selfishness a virtue or a vice? Are people ashamed of it or proud of it? It would be very hard to answer these questions, if one had to form a judgment either from the ordinary conduct or the ordinary maxims of men. People do, for the most part, in fact, what they justify in theory—namely, look after "number one;" moreover, it must be confessed, that there is a kind of selfishness which, in a manner, coincides with perfect virtue. We say, for instance, that Almighty God seeks first of all his own glory; and so, in a far lower region, we feel that there is much more than mere prudence in the advice of Polonius to Laertes:

"This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

On the other hand, most people seem to think that, though they are themselves perfectly justified in preferring their own interests to everybody else's, it is a dreadfully mean thing for anybody else to prefer *his* own interests to theirs; or, to express it differently, selfishness in other people is a vice; but in oneself it may be regarded, at the very worst, as a painful necessity

or a disagreeable virtue, and sometimes even as a particular form of *unselfishness*.

Of course, the devil never appears without disguise, if he can possibly help it; and if Selfishness were to wander about the world naked, it would be at once arrested and punished with a chorus of universal indignation. But from the very beginning of life, this particular vice, being, in fact, the fruitful parent of all other vices, is in a manner specially petted and cared for by the Father of Lies, dressed in coats of many colours, taught all manner of accomplishments, and furnished with every attraction that belongs to virtue, except its reality. Even little children, almost before they have finished teething, find out that if they give away one sugar-plum in perfect self-oblivion, they very often get two in return; and so by degrees they develop into such friends as those of Timon of Athens, of whom honest Flavius had bitter need to say—

"Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do e'en enemies exceed."

The coarser forms of selfishness, then, may be left out of the question. Murder may be one of the fine arts; and viewed as mere skill, the ingenuity of Charley Bates or the Artful Dodger is

THE PURITAN'S DAUGHTER.

I.

IT is the Puritan's daughter,
The daughter of Paul the Bold—
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Paul, you know, with the grey beard,
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II.

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One spring-bright day as I went
Beneath the opening window,
With sorrowful face downbent,
A leaf came fluttering downward,
A page from a book, 'twas sent
Like a healing leaf from the Living Tree,
And I knew who plucked it thence for me.

It is the Puritan's daughter:
I caught the page, and I prest
To my lips the precious burthen,
The message true and blest:
"Come unto me," it whispered,
"And I will give you Rest:"
O words of love! O bliss unpriced!
At length I found Thee, Jesu Christ!

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Of a vast delightful forest;
For in sooth she loves the shades,
And saith, "Where the sun is brightest,
All bloom the soonest fades;"
So Magdelene blooms in the shades of life,
A comely matron, a fadeless wife.

It is the Puritan's daughter:
The night is drawing on;
Her children kneel around her
Till the last faint ray is gone:
Now come away, my children,
She rests in the shades alone;
And through that deep and heaveless sleep
The good kind God will her spirit keep.

B.

WORKING CHRISTIANS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., INCUMBENT OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.



THE word of Him who knew what was in man affirms distinctly, that the Christian life, so promissory of all the blessedness that men really and instinctively, though often blindly, yearn after and long for, is certainly attainable. The question is, *how* is it to be attained? In other words, as the suddenly-arrested persecutor asked: "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

That young ruler was obviously no loose, unprincipled profligate, nor, in his own view, even an irreligious youth, who besought our Lord to tell him—"Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?"

All classes of life, and all kinds of character, brought the same practical question to the Baptist, as he preached repentance, asking: "And what shall *we* do?" Pharisees, publicans, soldiers, and all kinds of people came with the same question,

as the Philippian gaoler: "What must I do to be saved?"

I want to answer that vital inquiry. There *is* something to be done, as well as something to be believed, for "*faith without works is dead.*" True; and works without faith are equally dead. The body without the soul, or the soul without the body, equally imply a condition of death. Consequently, all that we need advance is essentially comprised in those two simple elements of godliness—faith and works.

When I say faith, I don't mean that haughty, inflated orthodoxy which shibboleths the dialect of heaven, but looks down with contempt upon its fellow-sinners, whom angels watch with tenderer interest, waiting to catch the first starting tear that wakes the unselfish "joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth." There is too much of that cold creed which freezes into diffidence, if not distrust, the poor, meek, timid, soul with which it comes in contact. I do not mean faith of that fashion, but a loving, active, ingenuous, and humble faith, that thinks little of itself, and much of others, and most of God. A hearty, honest faith that forgets its theological system in the glory of its centre—that sinks itself in its considerateness for others—a practical, as well as experimental faith, which turns with too much candid loathing from its own sins, faults, and infirmities—which, of course, it knows best—to have any element of contempt left for the sins of others, and only feels how much it has to undo for itself, and to do for its fellows. As the pious Joseph Alleine wrote from his prison, to his old flock at Taunton, "Beloved Christians, live like yourselves: let the world see that the promises of God, and privileges of the Gospel, are not empty sounds, or a mere crack. Let the heavenly cheerfulness, and the restless diligence, and the holy raisedness of your conversations, prove the reality, and excellency, and beauty of your religion to the world."

That "restless diligence" is the point which meets the defective spirituality of the day—the want of workers. We have too many talkers, and plenty of believers, so called, but not enough workers. There is a want of workers, not only in the direct work of Sunday-school teachers, district visitors, collectors for religious societies, active leaders and co-operators in mutual-instruction schemes, and such like; but we want also workers for God in your common workshops; Christians working for him while they are at work for themselves—glorifying God in their secular callings. A young Christian shines brightly in his business, when his Christianity makes him more active and conscientious, more in earnest at what his hand findeth to do, than worldly men. Your religion has done little for you, if it has not done that.

You may be a lawyer (like Sir Matthew Hale), or a physician (like Haller, Heberden, and Mason Goode), or a painter (like West), or a sculptor (like Bacon), or a poet (like Milton, Klopstock, and Cowper), or a merchant (like Thornton and the Hardcastles), or a philosopher (like Boyle and Boerhaave), or a hardworking artisan (like the Yorkshire blacksmith, or the watchmaker of Geneva), but your aim, your study, and daily prayer should be, to be not only a better Christian, but a better lawyer, a better physician, or painter, or sculptor, or poet, or merchant, or philosopher, or mechanic, than the mere man of the world.

You should let the world see that religion, so far from obstructing secular eminence, actually promotes it, and purifies it of idle fame-craft, and converts personal gifts into instruments of greater personal usefulness;—that it inspires a John Newton to write his Letters, and a Butler his "Analogy," and a Matthew Henry his Commentary, and a Cowper his Hymns;—that it restricts a contemplative Venn to his parish, and impels a Whitefield to make the world his field; locks up a profound Edwards in his study, and scatters the sweet perfume of a Wilberforce in the boudoir; so that each in his way works and waits upon God—"he that ministereth by his ministering, he that teacheth by his teaching, he that exhorteth by his exhortations, and he that ruleth by his diligence," and by his judgment and love unfeigned, without partiality and without hypocrisy. Thus the varied and sanctified field which, like Joseph, the Lord hath blessed, bringeth forth its fruits, "some thirty, and some sixty, and some a hundred-fold" to the praise and glory of the great and good "Lord of the harvest," whose cry is still for "more labourers." Alas! that the responsive cries are so few and far between, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."

God's moral operations, like his natural ones, are, for the most part, so quiet and unseen in their process, like the silent growth of a flower, or the ripening of a crop, though these are as much his handiwork as the louder echo of his voice in thunder, or the more obvious flash of his glory in the lightning, that the stillness fails to minister to some men's ambition, pride, or parade; and hence comparatively limited is the number of young men found engaged in "doing the work of an evangelist." There seems no scope for hero-craft, no dazzling materials for history, in stooping down to the level of back-street ignorance, to teach vulgar little boys and girls. No philosophy in reasoning oneself into a discussion with a wretched drunkard, or with that notorious young thief, his son, whose only lesson has been to be taught to steal for him. There is no poetry in diving down a back lane by gas-light, in search of the ragged refuse of the streets, to surprise and

warm their precociously benumbed hearts with, perhaps, the first tones of fellow-feelinghood that ever thawed them. Yet there is a heroism, none the less sterling that it happens not to be fashionable—there is a philosophy, none the less real because it is not of the schools—and there is a poetry, sweet and holy as the melody of the harper of Bethlehem, in the sentiment which charmed evil spirits out of the conceits of a melancholy king, in the large and tender-heartedness which finds a channel for its sensibilities in rude and unlovely miseries, that require no metaphor to illustrate them, in midnight ignorance and degradation, which asks no laboured comment to expound them; the sight of which, without sensational descriptions, and the pitiful and gracious apprehension of which, without public or romantic inducement, constrain for the love of Christ, every personal energy of evangelical benevolence into the effort that yearns for their amendment and reclamation. And they best reclaim the waste places of society, who not only enclose the common, but sow it with seed to make it fruitful. It is a grand secret to teach a young lawless wanderer and wayfarer, not merely that he has been doing evil, that he was good for nothing—which, perhaps, the rough staves of the police have often told him already—but that he is good for something better, which he had never thought he was, before you told him so;—to persuade him that he has a gift which only lacks developing, like the resources of a once barren soil, whose culture produces wheat even more abundantly than it had brought forth its spontaneous weeds. This was the secret of Dr. Arnold's power as a teacher, that he impressed every pupil with the stimulating conviction that there was a work for him to do, and that he could do it. The boy woke to find himself of some importance; that there was a niche in the Pantheon of life which his humble statue was hewn out to fill, if only his own hand and heart quarried out the materials for the impartial sculptor. He raised the duty of study into a mental dignity, and thus made it each lad's ambition to be a conscientious labourer in the sphere of his individual gifts, assured that life was no lottery, with its contingent luck and loss, but that some prize was open to every one in the sure and just proportion of his industry, capacity, and truth.

The teacher who neglects the poor dull boy, or the bad wild boy, in the selfish forcing of the brilliant one, whom he destines for his own advertisement, is the reverse, not only of the Christian who "minds not high things, but condescends to men of low estate," but of the "old English gentleman" who,

"While he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small."

Minds, immortal spirits, have their forlorn hopes, and we want volunteers to dare them. There are acres of cold, hungry soils that want the slow and patient toil of spade husbandry to dig and develop their scanty capabilities.

There is too much easy-going charity and gas-light philanthropy in these days. What the practical needs of the age require is just that patient, obscure, conscientious elaboration of schemes of benevolence, whose only recompence is sought for in its success, and which looks for no other applause than the obvious benefit of its poor client: like the gardener, who early and late waters his plants and tends upon his flowers, seeking no other return, at least from them, than their budding into their own bloom and beauty in their appointed season.

I ask, then, the young men who are readers of THE QUIVER, who profess to believe in, to love and serve, the Lord Jesus, to be content to stoop as he did, to take the children of the streets "in his arms, lay his hands upon them, and bless them." It robs no ray of glory from the Redeemer's Godhead to picture him laden to the bosom with two or three little ones—poor people's too, for it was not in rich men's houses he met them, but in the bare streets and lanes of the city, whither many of his parables bade all who would be his disciples to go out and follow him. I give a prominence to this work of imitating Him who came "to seek, as well as to save them that were lost," for there is a "taking up of the cross" in it, greater than the less trying task of teaching the children when they have been gathered in under the wings of the school. May I not add, however humble a young man's gifts may be, or his modesty suppose them to be, or his indolence pretend them to be, every one has gift enough to be a street-searcher, a kind of moral scavenger (and Aristides was not ashamed to be a real one)? It wants nothing but the will, and the grace of God and the love of Christ working with that will, to be an effective explorer of those artificial dens and caves of the earth wherein great cities unwittingly hide the victims, or the agents, of their neglects, vices, and sins.

There is nothing nobler than the consecration of our gift, be it only the one talent, to doing good. To do good is to get good. We learn by teaching, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine," is equally applicable to duty. God's Word demands men's exertions only according to their gifts, and any "man is accepted according to what he hath, and not according to what he hath not." Even an accidental infirmity, or natural defect, does not exclude the individual from his share of opportunities for well-doing. One night an elderly miner, returning to his home across the colliery fields of Worcestershire, lost his way.

He wandered helplessly in the thick darkness for several hours, till midnight overtook him, weary, worn out, and utterly at a loss to know where he was. At length, perceiving a light in a wayside hut, he tapped timidly at the door. A voice from within kindly bade him enter, and he asked his way to Cradley.

"Thee art three miles off the road," replied the cottager, and then cheerfully rising, added, "but I'll put thee right again;" and forthwith went out with the wanderer, and guided him safely to his home.

"How couldst thee find thee way through the fog?" said the grateful miner.

"It's no fog to me," said his friend; "I be blind as a mole."

All honour to the blind philanthropist, whose inner vision could recognise the claims of brotherly kindness, and convert his very infirmity into an instrument of usefulness. Such deeds put to shame many a selfish Pharisee, who "now saith he seeth, and therefore his sin remaineth."

If through "the gross darkness on the minds of the people," there were more searchers for scholars, there would be larger schools, and if there were larger schools, there would be more teachers. Young men and maidens could not for very shame see the children come crowding into

the schools, and let them go away without a lesson. Like the Lord whom they profess to follow, they would have compassion on the tiny multitude, and dread sending them away fasting, lest they should faint by the way.

One of the modes, then, in which I would urge you into work for God, is to volunteer your services as Sunday-school teachers, and to be ready to take your turn cheerfully and promptly in the task of visiting from house to house in search of the little involuntary law-breakers, who know not what they are breaking, whether of God's law or man's, or the law of their own well-being. I repeat the assertion, you will do yourselves good by doing good to others. No one knows till he tries how much we actually learn by teaching—how many old errors are detected—how many old impressions are rectified or confirmed, and how many old truths are realised in new lights, by the simple process of teaching a child to read and know the Holy Scriptures. Their casual accents have often lisped a commentary unawares which never struck us before, and a new and bright light has flashed upon our understandings, from the unconscious theology of "one of those little ones," whom we must ourselves resemble in spirit, or ever "we enter into the kingdom of heaven."

SELFISHNESS.

IS selfishness a virtue or a vice? Are people ashamed of it or proud of it? It would be very hard to answer these questions, if one had to form a judgment either from the ordinary conduct or the ordinary maxims of men. People do, for the most part, in fact, what they justify in theory—namely, look after "number one;" moreover, it must be confessed, that there is a kind of selfishness which, in a manner, coincides with perfect virtue. We say, for instance, that Almighty God seeks first of all his own glory; and so, in a far lower region, we feel that there is much more than mere prudence in the advice of Polonius to Laertes:

"This above all,—to thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."

On the other hand, most people seem to think that, though they are themselves perfectly justified in preferring their own interests to everybody else's, it is a dreadfully mean thing for anybody else to prefer *his* own interests to theirs; or, to express it differently, selfishness in other people is a vice; but in oneself it may be regarded, at the very worst, as a painful necessity

or a disagreeable virtue, and sometimes even as a particular form of *unselfishness*.

Of course, the devil never appears without disguise, if he can possibly help it; and if Selfishness were to wander about the world naked, it would be at once arrested and punished with a chorus of universal indignation. But from the very beginning of life, this particular vice, being, in fact, the fruitful parent of all other vices, is in a manner specially petted and cared for by the Father of Lies, dressed in coats of many colours, taught all manner of accomplishments, and furnished with every attraction that belongs to virtue, except its reality. Even little children, almost before they have finished teething, find out that if they give away one sugar-plum in perfect self-oblivion, they very often get two in return; and so by degrees they develop into such friends as those of Timon of Athens, of whom honest Flavius had bitter need to say—

"Happier is he that has no friend to feed,
Than such as do e'en enemies exceed."

The coarser forms of selfishness, then, may be left out of the question. Murder may be one of the fine arts; and viewed as mere skill, the ingenuity of Charley Bates or the Artful Dodger is

not without a grotesque sort of beauty. To pick a pocket adroitly, has many more attractions than the mere watch or purse that may be abstracted. There is the excitement of the chase, the sort of pleasure, not without just a touch of danger, which country squires find in hunting foxes; and this "touch of nature" may make even Charley Bates and the Rev. Charles Kingsley "kin." And above all, there is the fun of utterly deceiving your neighbours; shooting at them from their blind side, and betraying them, so to speak, with a kiss.

But society has not yet persuaded itself that the Ten Commandments can be safely broken in what one may call so honest a manner. Everybody will admit that it is indisputably and brutally selfish to fracture a man's skull, or gouge out his eye, for the sake of half-a-crown; nevertheless, as two negatives are often equivalent to an affirmative, so two breaches of a commandment are often considered equivalent to one keeping of it. As, for instance, if you not only can steal your neighbour's money, but also steal the appearance of not stealing it. "The Morality of Advertisements," even, would, if well written, make a queer chapter in a treatise on practical ethics.

The only forms of selfishness we need be very strictly on our guard against, are what one may call the virtuous kinds, and, perhaps, also the teasing, fidgety kinds. As to the latter, can two human beings be more preposterously exacting than two average lovers? When they get married, their selfishness takes the virtuous form, or, at any rate, combines that with the fidgety, teasing form; but while they are merely lovers, can anything be more heart-breaking than for a young man to look across a table and see that the object of his devotion is looking at somebody else? Is it within the reach of the human faculties that a heart in which you fondly believe you have taken up your own abode, can find room, even in its poorest and quietest corner, for any thought of regard for anybody else? Courtship is sometimes a horrible monopoly, when it is not a detestable sham. A loving girl is only too ready to give away to a lover far more of her affections than she can in the least afford to spare; but to require her to empty her heart of all its old associations, and begin life afresh, as if there were nobody in the universe but the sweet young man who comes a-wooing, is perhaps the stupidest and most cowardly form of fidgety selfishness. "Well, I don't know, my dear, but I think Tom is a little too exacting, isn't he?" "Oh, no, no! it isn't that; it's only that he's so very fond of me." Poor sweet innocent! how uncommonly young you must be; how unfamiliar with real life! Your devoted lover is rather fond of you, and very fond of himself.

Yes, but when they get married they will either get better or worse—of course. The family, and therefore the relation of husband and wife, is one of the Divine schools of unselfishness: but for that very reason, the devil is continually applying for the situation of under-master, and so manages to turn both the discipline and the instruction upside down. To begin with—what constitutes a really good and satisfactory marriage? There are many happy marriages, though the husband may be old and the wife young, and even—though much less frequently—when the wife is old and the husband young; so that disparity of age is no bar to happiness. So, again, such disparities as those of wealth, social status, and even mental culture, are not wholly incompatible with the true blessedness of marriage; though, unquestionably, a very wide experience may warn us that they are extremely hazardous. The true blessedness of marriage—that, in fact, without which both the legal status and the religious sanction are preposterous mockeries—is a perfect community of interest. Husbands and wives, if they are what they ought to be, acquire the habit of never living to themselves, but always for each other. And this is not at all difficult; indeed, with anything like a fair start it is extremely easy. All of us, whether married or not, ought to cultivate a similar unselfishness; and we should find it quite easy to do so, if we were continually reminded by the facts and experiences of life of our complete dependence on one another, and, it may be almost affirmed, our *equal* dependence on one another. Five times four make twenty, and because five is larger than four; we may fancy that it has a larger share in the product; but, in truth, the fours have as much to do with the twenty as the fives have, and four times five are as many as five times four. And so human happiness is made up of the combined efforts of very many individuals, and the result would be wholly changed by the absence of any one of its components, even though it might be the smallest. Masters and mistresses often fancy that *their* characters and conduct form by far the most important element in the happiness of a household; but they often find out, to their cost, that even the dirtiest scullery-maid, or the boy that cleans knives and boots for possibly sixpence a week, can completely destroy the peace and enjoyment of every member of the family. If masters and mistresses would never forget this, unselfishness, being dictated by the commonest prudence, would quite easily become habitual, and would at last be recognised, not only as one of the necessities, but one of the beauties and comforts of social intercourse. Now this necessity of unselfishness—of habitually considering somebody else's wishes and interests as well as one's own, and even placing them on the same level as one's



(Drawn by M. ELLEN EDWARDS.)

"Lucy, answer and tell me true,
What of your old love and what of your new?"—p. 442.

own—this necessity is forced upon the recollection of married people every moment of their lives; it is recalled to mind, not only by grave and solemn duties, but even by the most trivial of every-day occupations. Of course, if husband and wife do not care for one another at all, if, in other words, their marriage is an odious farce from first to last, then this mutual and complete dependence will become one of the most irritating and exhausting torments of life. But many marriages are not *positively* vicious because consciously deceitful, but only *negatively* vicious because stupid, and empty, and ill considered. These silly marriages, however, get mended by time and the experience of life. When two people discover that mutual forbearance, and even active effort for one another's good, is necessary to the happiness of both and of each, they soon learn to accommodate themselves to the necessity, until at last it ceases to be in any degree burdensome, and becomes a second nature. As a matter of fact, the majority of marriages are at least tolerable, and the majority of husbands and wives would never dream of acting without a perpetual regard to the wishes and interests of each other.

But how very easily may fidgety selfishness assume the disguise of the *unselfishness* which is a necessary element of the happiness of marriage! There are thousands of husbands, and perhaps tens of thousands of wives, who are petty tyrants, and who all the while believe that their very tyranny is a proof of their singular affection. They are so dreadfully fond of one another that "they can't bear it." Can't bear what? Why, the husband "can't bear it" if the wife sees any beauty in the universe except in himself; and the wife "can't bear it" if the husband isn't a milk-sop, or at any rate a grown-up baby tied to her own apron-strings. That each should habitually regard the wishes and interests of the other, is not enough; it is required that each should habitually disregard the wishes and interests of everybody else. Now, when the devil has persuaded us, under the pretence of being completely unselfish towards one person, to be entirely and incurably indifferent to the happiness of everybody else, he has done an uncommonly good stroke of devil's business.

When people get married they have children, and then they have to learn new lessons of unselfishness, which may quite easily be perverted into fresh occasions of selfishness. Of course, parents are bound to take care of their children, to provide for their physical necessities, to give them a good education, and, negatively, to keep them out of harm's way. Nor can it be doubted by far the best method of discharging our duty to the whole human race, is to begin by thoroughly performing our duties to that small part of the human race which dines habitually at our own table. To weep over the agonies of little children—unhappy little tropical girls, for instance, flung out to die almost as soon as they are born—and at the same time to neglect one's own baby, would be the mere caricature of philanthropy. Even general education—that is to say, teaching every human being that is entrusted to our care as much as we can possibly get him to learn—has had scarcely a more dangerous adversary than the jealousy of parental love. "It's hard enough," says some muddle-headed father, with some half-a-dozen lazy, ill-taught sons, "to get situations for our boys as it is; but if the children of the poor are to receive gratis the education of gentlemen, we may just as well buy the boys brooms and send them out to sweep a crossing." Very likely, irritable old gentleman. The day has gone by, thank Heaven, for building up a reputation, not upon one's own goodness, but upon somebody else's *want* of goodness.

But enough. It is one of the grandest achievements of virtue to be perfectly unselfish. So magnificent is this self-sacrificing love that it has taken the place of piety, and furnished an object of worship, even for those who deny a God. Even M. Comte must have a religion, and the object of his worship, is the whole human race, "ascending into the unknown recesses of the past, embracing the manifold present, and descending into the indefinite and unforeseeable future." The deification of the human race is a sorry substitute for a living God; but while the religion of truth is infinitely superior, it may be well for us to remember that some people make it seem, by their perversion of it, as if there were no real superiority in it at all. K.

THE WEDDING GOWN.

S SAID to Lucy, one summer night,
As she sat and worked at her wedding-gown;
Stitching away in the sunset light,
Which sprinkled gold on her tresses brown,—
"Lucy, answer and tell me true,
What of your old love and what of your new?"

With just a quiver upon her brow,
And the white work rustled across her knee,
She answered, "The old love remaineth now,
As much as ever it was to me:
A dream—a something I could not hold;
A fading fortune of fairy gold:

"And I did nothing that I can blame;"
 And then she rustled her work and sighed.
 "One thinks no harm when I name that name,"
 Right proud she said, "One is satisfied.
 First love calls for a smile and sigh;
 Life's love calls us to live and to die!"
 "Can you recall when I wore some flowers—
 Flowers *he* gave me to deck my hair?
 Ere the twilight they dropped in showers,

And nought but the stems remained there.
 Life's love giveth a better crown:
 And I sit and work at my wedding-gown."
 Behind us, the eastern clouds lay dead,
 The west was bright as a golden sea,
 And Lucy gazed at it, as she said—
 "The old love is but a dream to me:
 In twilight hours we hail a star,
 But we know the sunshine is better far."

ISABELLA FYVIE.

PEGGY OGLIVIE'S INHERITANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ROUND THE COURT," ETC.

CHAPTER LIX.

SIR HORACE.

IN the garden David encountered Captain Oglvie. He was sitting in the same wheeled chair in which Gilbert Oglvie had sat so long. He looked weak, and pale, and desponding—a wreck of himself. David Haldane was touched with a great pity, but its expression would probably have been utterly distasteful to the object of it, and he therefore bowed respectfully and passed on. Horace Oglvie was recovering his health by very slow degrees. His constant cry was to get away. He would sit for hours with his head bent upon his breast, speaking not a word to any one. If they endeavoured to rally him, he would turn on them fretfully, long before he was able to be moved, and cry, "You are keeping me here to kill me. I would be better if you would only take me away." He seemed also to be trying constantly, and vainly to remember something. He would sit knitting his brows with the effort to recollect; then he would institute apparently useless searches through his room and all his belongings, which ended invariably in fits of weariness and weak excitement, or in still deeper depression.

One day Margery came upon him while thus employed. His mother had complained to her of it frequently before.

"What are you doing?" she asked. There was an unusual tremor in her voice.

"Looking for some papers which I have mislaid," he replied.

"When did you see them last?"

He shivered.

"Before your illness?" she asked again.

"Yes."

"Let me try and find them for you."

"No, no!" he answered, sweeping the things before him together, with a strange expression of alarm. Then hastily he changed the subject. "Here is a note of my debts," he said, still speaking with weak excitement. "I have not kept quite straight on the score, you know. It is as well to confess it now, when I am too ill to be severely punished for it."

He looked, indeed, as if it would be as well for

him to ease his spirit by confession. His smile was wretched: it seemed to throw a ghastly light upon his face.

"Your debts," she repeated; "to David Haldane?"

"How do you know?" he asked.

"When you were ill——"

"True. I talked nonsense." His face grew yet more ghastly. "He is a hard man. He will not let me go, perhaps, till I have paid the uttermost farthing."

"God forbid that we should any of us exact that," said Margery, solemnly; "but I have paid him all."

"Then you know all," he almost gasped. "I must have spoken of other things. Tell me what I did say, and I will not hide the truth from you. I am miserable."

It needed no words to tell that. The woman whom he thought so grim and ungracious, drew near him softly, and caressed the bowed head for a moment, as his mother might have done, only with an infinity of tenderness which was not in his mother's nature.

"Hush!" she said, softly; "tell me nothing: I know the worst, but I will think the best I can. I will think of you tempted more than your weak spirit was able to bear. It is best that this should lie between yourself and your Maker. Make no excuses to Him."

"And the papers?" he whispered.

"I have got them," she answered; and her voice was like that which is used in a sick chamber.

And truly the soul of Horace Oglvie was sick to death; but he had suffered, and was sick of life also, and very sick of sin.

"And you do not hate me?" he asked, after a pause, during which his face had remained hidden in his hands, and she had turned half away.

She stopped, as if to think. She was, in truth, thinking whether, if the suffering which had drawn upon her tenderness were not there, she would not hate him. At length she answered, "No." He was at least capable of suffering. She had known some who were not, whatever they inflicted.

After this, the preparations of Captain and Mrs. Oglvie for leaving Delaube were hastened. Captain was now Sir Horace Oglvie, but it transpired that

he wished to drop the title, and it was never heard again in the house. He went away with his mother while he was still half an invalid, and proceeded abroad, plentifully supplied with money from Margery's ample means.

Not long after, his mother died, and he refused all further supplies. He might have been seen wandering about at quiet watering-places, one of those solitaries who have a history written in their faces, and yet whom no one knows. He was only known as Captain Oglivie. The title was in abeyance; the once-coveted inheritance no longer either hoped for or desired.

CHAPTER LX.

PREPARATIONS.

MEANWHILE Peggy was becoming domesticated among her new friends. Miss Minto and Grace remained at "the cottage," but they went daily to "the house," or else Bella and Ben came to them.

The wound was at length healed, and could be pressed without bleeding.

It had already been proposed that Grace should take her old place in her brother's household, and the necessity for preparing for the marriage of her friend made the arrangement the more desirable. The proposal had come from Bella, and as it was yet in the early days of their stay at the cottage, Ben had still to be made acquainted with the event that was pending, and of the use that was about to be made of his bachelor abode.

They were walking in the little wood, a long, narrow slip of plantation, chiefly of young birch-trees, which were already dangling their leaves like golden medallions mingled with the tresses of a maiden's hair.

Grace and her brother were alone together, for Bella had gone off with Peggy in search of any wild flowers remaining in the wood.

"When are you going to take me back, to keep house for you?" said Grace, almost gaily. "Bella is quite tired of it, I think."

"I shall be only too glad to have you back again," he replied. "Do you think you could bear it?"

It was the first time he had alluded to the great trouble of their young lives, and his voice almost failed him as he did so.

But she looked bravely into his eyes, and answered, "I am sure I can, and we will take care of each other. I am strong now—stronger than I ever was before. I used to think there was no fate so hard as mine—as ours: now I know that there are many as hard, if not harder."

"What we should do with our lives, seemed a question very hard to answer a little while ago," he said, musingly.

"I have learnt the best answer to it now and always," she replied. "It is to spend them in the service of others. I was roused out of my selfish trouble by those terrible days of bloodshed, and the

cure has been completed by nearness to a thoroughly healthful spirit."

"Miss Oglivie. She does seem very bright and pure," he said, a little sadly.

"It is like breathing mountain air to be with her. She is so unconscious, so free of self, and so simply lofty," said Grace, with enthusiasm. "I want to be settled with you before she goes away, and leaves me to myself again."

"I fear it will be exchanging the mountain air for that of a dismal swamp," was the rejoinder, in a tone of melancholy. "When does she go?"

"Oh, very soon."

"She is engaged, is she not?"

"Of course she is, and we want her to be married up at the house. There, that is our plot."

"Who is he?"

"Her intended? why, the David Haldane we talk so much about. He is a Scotch manufacturer."

"Is he worthy of her?"

"You would have little doubt about it, if you saw him," said Grace.

"But she is of good family."

"That is so like a radical," she laughed.

He took up her lighter tone and went on: "Why did you or Bella not tell me all this sooner, instead of exposing me to the danger of unwittingly breaking the Tenth Commandment?"

"I thought you knew from the first."

"I got confused, I suppose, among your adventures; and, you know, I never was clever at enigmas. You women are so fond of little hints, that I did not think Miss Oglivie's fate was sealed so utterly."

"Would it have made any difference to you?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Never mind, Inquisitor-general. I think I see you and I in the future—mind, I give you my whole life, Gracie, and the future is not an unhappy one. There is Will, and Kate, and Bella to carry on the family name, et-cetera, and we will be the conservators of their interests—fairly godfather and godmother, in short."

Through the light, half-mocking words ran a chord of deep sadness, which touched the sister's heart.

"Dear old Ben," she said, caressingly, "if there would be the least use in it, I would turn a desperate intriguer on the spot. I would ruthlessly manoeuvre to deprive David Haldane, much as I admire him, of his promised bride, and try to believe, in self-justification, that she would be ten times happier with you; but there is not the least use; she is hopelessly in love with him."

"Would you mind my going away for a time, Gracie?" he asked, abruptly.

"For how long?" she replied; "it depends upon that."

"Well, perhaps for a year or two."

"Oh, Ben!"

Her arms had fallen listlessly by her side; her whole expression and gait changed at once. But he was quick to notice it, and to see that it

was his duty to remain. The next moment he cried out—

"I am a selfish fellow, Gracie! but you may keep me if you like—only get me plenty to do."

"I was just going to give you plenty to do," she said, smiling out again. "In the first place, will you give away the bride?"

"At your service," he said, but he winced a little.

"Then will you let us fill the old house from top to bottom? I want to take this opportunity for a reunion," she explained; "to make it as nearly as possible what it would have been, if Harry and I had been married. Why should it not?" she added, clasping her hands about his arm. "We must be happy in other people's happiness now."

"You shall do just as you like, darling," he answered, tenderly.

"Then we will all come up to-morrow," she replied, "and I will write at once to Kate and Will. Kate wants the cottage, for she has caught a poet, with ever so many children. He will be a fit person to write the epithalamium, by-the-bye, and she has invited him and his family to 'The Retreat;' so you must take us in."

The brother and sister finished their walk without coming upon the other two, who had returned by another path.

As they heared the cottage, they saw the postman turn in at the little gate that led up from the road, and, still in the shadow of the wood, they could see the lattice open and an eager hand stretched out to take the letter.

A little later, they looked in at the end window, which being in the shadow they scarcely darkened, expecting to see Bella and Miss Oglivie together. But they saw the latter only, and drew back instinctively; not, however, till they had seen the pretty picture which the room and its occupant made just then.

A fair girl was leaning over an open letter, her flowing curls brushed the open sheet, and from its folds she had lifted a sprig of white heather, and was pressing it to her lips the while she read.

"No, I won't go in," said Ben, in a whisper, and he turned his back on the picture, and with a squeeze of his sister's hand which almost hurt her, he strode away.

Dinner waited long for Ben up at the big house that afternoon. He had been battling with the breeze for hours upon the downs, and perhaps battling with himself, too, for his sister had henceforth no reason to complain of any slackness on his part in the preparations that were going forward; nay, he ran up to town one day by himself, and bought a brooch of amethyst and pearl for the bride elect.

Margery had her own way of doing things, and she

had written to the elder Miss Minto without the least hesitation. Being satisfied with the reply she received, she had placed in that lady's hands a considerable sum of money for Peggy's use, whom she chose to treat as still a child. But, with the help of David Haldane's interpretation of her character, Peggy appreciated the delicacy which really underlay the arbitrariness of the proceeding, and rendered thanks for the kindness with real grace.

And in other matters she had to submit to a little arbitrariness also. Miss Minto insisted on spending the money entrusted to her on bridal adornments of the most perfect kind: on gleaming, pearl-white satin and delicate lace—adornments which suited well the character of the bride's graceful loveliness. And it is not to be denied, that Peggy rejoiced in them like any other fair young bride, glad that the gift she is giving—the gift of herself—should be enhanced even in its outward beauty, and be at the moment of giving at its fairest and best.

The bridegroom came down the day before the wedding, and found that, though he might be indispensable on the morrow, he was the last person wanted just then.

He had to submit to the most unceremonious treatment. Busy, merry Kate took possession of him, and quartered him for the night with the poet down at the cottage, threatening him with all sorts of penalties if he made his appearance before the appointed time, or was seen anywhere about the premises till after he had duly gone through the ceremony of the day.

After being wrought upon in this fashion, it was no wonder that he trembled and "looked as white as a ghost," according to Kate, when confronted with his bride. It seemed to him as if her loveliness had overflowed, and clothed her in that dazzling raiment, and that he stood by her side in a trance of the spirit from which a word might awaken him.

It is on record that he made the responses with great propriety, having learnt them off by heart; but it is believed that he did not hear a word of the service, of which the bridesmaids Bella and Kate had the benefit.

The little church was decorated for the occasion, and among the decorations was a quantity of white heath. But Benjamin Minto never confessed the trouble he had had in procuring it.

"Bless me! I am the only old woman here," said Miss Minto, when they were all assembled at the wedding-feast; "and I had quite forgotten the fact; but one can never be old while one feels with the young."

"Nor miserable," whispered Grace, "while one can rejoice with the happy."

(To be continued.)

THE TWO DOGS.

SIZE goes for nothing," said the Terrier, turning up his nose; "so you needn't think yourself any better than I am, just because you're bigger. It's not the room dogs take, but what they do that makes them valuable."

"Quite true, my little friend," answered the Newfoundland Dog, good-naturedly. "Don't excite yourself; it's so bad for the system. Perhaps you'll kindly tell me what you can do, for I really don't know?"

"Do!" replied the Terrier, delighted at the opportunity of wagging his tongue and his tail over his own exploits; "why, the house wouldn't be safe if it were not for me. Scarcely a night passes that I don't arouse every one in it; and no thief dares come within a mile of the place."

"Then why bark?"

"What use should I be if I *didn't* bark, I should like to know?" and the Terrier glanced superciliously at his companion, quite astounded at the simplicity of the question. "My master would think nothing of me if I didn't call him out of his bed sometimes. If you want to be thought anything of in the world you must bark."

"I shouldn't thank you if I were your master. Why call him at all—why not fly at the thief yourself? I beg your pardon, I really forgot what a little fellow you are. Size does go for something, you see, after all."

"Personal remarks are odious," snapped the Terrier; "your breeding, Mr. Newfoundland, is like your coat, a little rough."

"Ah! I dare say. A sleek coat and a brass collar do make a dog a gentleman, I've no doubt. But which talked about size first?"

The Terrier snarled.

"And," continued the Newfoundland, for although the best-natured dog in the world, he could never help teasing the Terrier, "there is a little disadvantage in being small. You can be taken up and carried anywhere; and then to have your ears cut must be very trying to a dog with any self-respect."

"It's extremely vulgar and low-bred to wear ears; I wouldn't wear ears on any consideration," protested the Terrier, this being one of his sore points.

"You'll be less of a puppy when you grow older," said the Newfoundland, grinning, "and think more of your ears and less of your appearance. Well, I'm quite contented to leave you the elegancies, but I can't give in about the use: you certainly must grant me the superiority there."

"I shall do no such thing," barked the Terrier; "I'll not yield an inch to any dog, not even if he were twice as big as yourself."

"Then suppose we take a walk this fine morning, and hear what others have to say on the point?" said the Newfoundland; "it would be very amusing, and one is sure to learn something."

"With all the pleasure in life," said the other, trotting off conceitedly by the side of his big companion. "I'm appreciated in these parts, I flatter myself, and it's my impression you *will* learn something, Mr. Newfoundland."

The first animal they came across was the cat.

"Good morning, Miss Tabby-cat," said the Newfoundland; "this little gentleman and I want to ask you a question. Which of us do you think the most useful?"

Here was a question to be put to a timid cat. Despite her intimacy with both dogs, Miss Tabby, being of a nervous temperament, had never overcome her constitutional aversion to them. If she said the Newfoundland was the most useful, the Terrier would worry her life out; and if she said the Terrier, might not the Newfoundland put an end to her on the spot?

"Really, honoured sirs," she answered, trembling in her skin, "you've puzzled me extremely; you are both so celebrated for your shining qualities that it would be hard to answer your question."

"Don't let's have any flattery," said the Newfoundland, laughing.

"Speak the truth, or I'll pull your tail," snapped the Terrier.

At this awful threat the cat stood speechless.

"Come along. Don't you see the poor thing is frightened, and nobody speaks the truth when they are afraid of you. Here's the Horse, I'll ask him;" and the Newfoundland walked on whilst the Terrier gave the cat a parting snarl as she scampered off.

"I hope we're not disturbing you, Mr. Bay-horse, but my friend here and I are out this morning in search of the truth."

"I'm afraid you'll have to go a long way then."

"Well, anyhow we want your opinion. Which of us do you think of the most use?"

"Use!" and here the horse gave a contemptuous snort. "I'd be thankful to any one who would tell me what possible use that little snarling, yelping Terrier is? I shall kick him to Jericho one of these days if he comes barking at my heels every time I go out with my master, and so I tell him."

When the Newfoundland turned round to look for his companion, he saw him skulking off with his tail between his legs; and it was not until they had left the orchard for the lawn that it reappeared in its proper place.

"I wouldn't stop to listen to that horse," said he, looking askant at the other, "he's as ignorant as a blackbeetle. How can you expect truth from any one steeped to his ears in prejudice?"

"And prejudice reaching to his heels, too," laughed the Newfoundland. "But, Mr. Terrier, what did you do with your tail? when I looked behind you I couldn't see an inch of it."

"I felt it a little cold, so tucked it up to get warm," answered the Terrier, far too proud to admit

of feeling afraid. "Here's my old friend Goody Snail, let's have her opinion. How are you this morning, Mrs. Snail?"

"I am as well as can be expected," said the Snail, in a very thin, slimy voice; "but nobody knows what it is to carry one's house on one's back all day long, except those that have to do it."

"Why not leave it behind you then?" asked the Newfoundland; for, although a very sensible dog, he was profoundly ignorant of natural history, and didn't understand the habits of snails. "I might as well carry about my kennel and then grumble."

"And so you would if you were stuck to it as I am to my house," retorted the Snail, sneering with its horns. "But ignorance and incivility always go together."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure. I meant no offence, Mrs. Snail. Ask her our question," he whispered, giving the Terrier a nudge with his tail. "I didn't mean to make the old thing angry."

"My friend is a little rough," said the Terrier, patronisingly; "you mustn't mind him, Mrs. Snail. I want you to tell me which of us you think the most useful."

"If you come to me in a month, I shall have digested the question. I can't do things in a hurry."

"So it seems," said the Newfoundland, walking off.

"I wonder you don't show respect to grey horns," said the Terrier, following, reproachfully. "You have hurt her feelings, I'm sure, by that last speech."

"Then why can't she give a plain answer to a plain question?" answered the Newfoundland. As he spoke they turned the corner of a walk, and came full upon the Peacock, pluming his gorgeous feathers in the sun. "Let's ask King Peacock. It's such fun to hear him talk."

"Would your gracious majesty be condescending enough to tell us which you think is the most useful—I, or the Terrier? You've so many eyes in your tail, surely you must see into everything."

"How can two ugly creatures such as you be of any use at all?" screamed the Peacock, for a scream was his royal mode of speaking. "Look at my dazzling beauty—see my purple and gold. There is no other creature of the slightest use in the world but I, for they are not worth looking at. I pity you; I do indeed."

"You needn't," said the Newfoundland; "for really, if your majesty will pardon me for saying so, we don't envy you. My friend and I are quite contented with our personal appearance, I can assure you. It wouldn't do to have a world full of peacocks, for all their fine feathers. Your eyes see nothing but yourself, I find; and we prefer to see beyond our own noses."

The next friend they met was the Butterfly. She answered their question with a laugh.

"What's the use of being any use? Why not enjoy oneself and be merry? Life is too short to be useful in;" and away she danced from flower to flower.

"Gentlemen," said the Bee, coming from the bell

of a white lily, "what the Butterfly has just said is shocking morality. Pray don't mind her, the frivolous creature! I really didn't mean to listen, but being inside the lily I couldn't help hearing your question."

"Then, perhaps, as you have heard it, Mrs. Bee, you will be so kind as to answer it for us," replied the Newfoundland.

"I am not Mrs. Bee," replied she, with great dignity; "I am the little Busy Bee that improves each shining hour. I gather honey all the day—"

"From every opening flower," interrupted the Terrier, for although unacquainted with Dr. Watts, he considered himself very poetical, and liked to show his talents.

"No, I was not going to say that, Mr. Terrier; but it's quite correct, notwithstanding. I gather honey for the benefit of the human race; that's my proud position. I set an example to them also, and am known as the symbol of industry. Now, if you can tell me what each of you do, I can answer your question in the twinkling of my wing."

"I do a great deal," began the Terrier, pompously. "I guard the house at night; I bark at all the beggars; I am accomplished in a number of tricks; really, if it were not for me my master would have nothing to entertain his company with. I catch rats—in fact, I am invaluable."

"And what do you do, Mr. Newfoundland?" asked the Bee.

"Well, really, I have been puzzling my brains whilst my friend was talking to know what I do do. Not much, I'm afraid. I go out for a walk when I'm wanted; carry my master's stick, or the children's baskets and toys; go into the water when I'm sent—in fact, I do what I'm told."

"And that seems very little. I really think Mr. Terrier is the most useful, although he is so small."

Here the Terrier gave a bark of applause.

"I have saved my master's life once when he got out of his depth in the river, and I flew at a man's throat and saved my mistress from being robbed, if that's worth mentioning," added the Newfoundland, modestly.

The Bee clapped her wings in ecstasy.

"Why, you are a perfect hero! Yes, Mr. Terrier, that's what I call being useful to the human race. You must give up to the Newfoundland; for beyond doubt he is the most useful. You couldn't save anyone's life. But I must bid you good morning, and go to my honey-making."

The Terrier hung his head abashed. He had never before heard of the Newfoundland's deeds, and they struck him as being very grand, quite beyond the capacities of a little dog like himself. Perhaps, after all, size was something.

The two dogs sat for some time in silence after the Bee's departure: the Terrier too crestfallen, the Newfoundland too meditative, to speak.

"After all," said the latter, at last, "what the Bee said is partly true, but it can't be the whole truth. Jumping into the water is as easy to me as standing

on your hind legs is to you; there can be no merit in one more than the other. I'll tell you what we'll do, we'll go and ask the Owl; she is the wisest bird in creation, and I'll be bound can tell us."

The Terrier was quite agreeable to this, by no means liking the Bee's decision; so when twilight fell they started off to the barn, where the Owl came every day in the dusk to catch mice. She was perched on its gable-end lost in contemplation, when the Newfoundland barked, "How d'ye do?" to her.

"Bless me, Mr. Newfoundland! how you startle a body!" cried she. "How are you this fine evening?"

"Pretty well, thank you. My friend the Terrier and I have come for the benefit of a little of your wisdom. Which of us do you think is the most useful?"

"Do you really want to know?" asked the Owl, looking down at them with a wink; "because so many come to me to hear the truth, and are furious when I tell it to them. The hedge-sparrow flew to me in a violent passion the other day, because the cuckoo had laid an egg in her nest, and when I told her she must grin and bear it, for such was the way of cuckoos, and no one could prevent them, she was ready to peck my eyes out. This is hard, you see, gentlemen, on an Owl that gives wisdom gratis."

"We'll be very grateful, if you'll only tell us the truth," barked both the dogs.

"Well, you shall have it. Each of you have separate duties appointed you: he that does his duty best is the most useful of the two;" and the Owl flew away with a grand air of philosophy before the dogs could thank her for her wisdom.

"She's quite right," said the Newfoundland; "and now, Mr. Terrier, I hope you're satisfied."

"Perfectly," said the latter.

It was noticeable that ever after the Terrier was less officious, barked less, and gave the horse's heels a wide berth. The Newfoundland went on much the same as usual, for never having overdone his duty, he couldn't improve in that way, and always having done it, he couldn't do any more.

SCRIPTURE ACROSTIC.

INITIALS.

True absolution from all sin was given
To one who sought it from the Lord of heaven;
To his all-searching ken her actions proved
How much she mourned her sin—how much she loved.

FINALS.

What though a sinner's soul was steeped in sin,
Her Lord saw faith and penitence within;
And, granting pardon from his bounteous store,
Bade her renounce the life she led before.

1. Of height stupendous—once in Persia reared,
Used for a man for whom 'twas not prepared.
2. He who when King of Israel sinned more
Than all the wicked ones who reigned before.
3. The friendly shelter, where with loving care
A suffering man was placed—well tended there.
4. The town, whence issued forth the "mournful bier"
Which carried all the widow held most dear.
5. The king who fought upon Megiddo's plain,
Where one whom Israel loved and mourned was slain.
6. A name so sacred, all the soul o'erawes:
Before repeating it, oh! think and pause.
7. A holy youth, who, scorning dainty meat,
Drink of pure water asked, and pulse to eat.
8. He who, when aching hearts in sorrow pine,
Pours in His soothing balm, His peace Divine.
9. She who, when tempted, was her husband's snare,
And brought a curse upon the guilty pair.

A lesson wise these verses will impart;
That, if for pardon to our Lord we go
In humble faith, and penitence of heart,
Our sins, "though scarlet, will be white" as snow.

"THE QUIVER" ORPHAN-HOME FUND.

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